The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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WHAT IS THE P. S. C. DOING?

COMMENDING The Evening World's stand in defense of the public against the threatened tie-up of the city's transportation systems by striking street car employees, former State Senator Anthony J. Griffin writes:

Your editorial entitled "When?" is pertinent. You significantly state that the public has used its authority "to assure to employers and employees the protection of their rights" and ask: "What about exerting some power to protect itself?"

It is about time for the public to wake up to the injustice it does itself in permitting this condition of defenselessness to continue. Public service corporations owe a duty to the public. This duty is recognized in our laws with respect to their incorporation and the regulation of their business within certain limitations.

No effort, however, has been made to regulate their duties where such corporations come into conflict with their employees.

In such event the controversy resolves itself into a combat of brute force, in which employer and employee do the fighting, while the community stands the blows. It is true they injure each other to some extent, but the burden of the loss, the inconvenience and annoyance have to be borne by the public at large.

How is the public to be protected from this injustice?

Mr. Griffin's plan calls for the establishment of a State Labor Court for the adjudication of disputes between labor and capital and the settlement of all questions affecting the welfare of labor and industry. A bill introduced in the State Senate by Senator Griffin some three years and a half ago provided furthermore

"That in a strike or lockout where traffic is impeded and the peace and comfort of the public molested, any citizen is entitled to present a petition to the court praying for the issuance of a citation directed to both parties engaged in the dispute, requiring them to set forth on a certain day the nature of their mutual grievances and empowering the court to pass upon them. In the meantime, by the terms of the citation, both parties are enjoined from the commission or omission of any act tending to disturb the status quo or interfere with the public peace."

The measure was opposed by Mr. Gompers and other labor leaders and never got beyond a third reading. This despite the fact that Senator Griffin received letters of approval from individual labor men who particularly liked the provisions of the bill which officially recognized the "union."

As Mr. Griffin points out, while in the present street car strike the railroad officials take the stand that it would be preposterous for them to allow their employees to organize,

> in New Zealand and Australia the organization of employees into labor unions is encouraged upon the theory that it creates a definite responsible factor in the place of an irresponsible mass.

Obviously, however, in the present crisis the people of New York cannot look to legislation to save them from what threatens to be the worst transit tie-up in the city's history.

Ultimatums exchanged between railway officials and union leaders seem to make the declaration of a general strike involving every rail-transportation line in New York a question of hours only.

No law could be passed, no court created in time to avert the incalculable suffering and loss which must fall upon hundreds of thousands of workers in the various sections of this great city if their usual means of transportation should thus suddenly be closed to them.

But why have to appeal to Albany or a Legislature—even were one in session?

Isn't the city paying millions of dollars for the maintenance of a Public Service Commission whose special function is to come promptly to the aid of the people whenever public utility corporations fail to furnish the facilities they owe the public?

Did not the act of 1907, which established the Public Service Commissions and prescribed their powers and duties, provide for "the regulation and control of certain public service corporations" (including railroad and street railway companies) to the end that the public, which supports these corporations and their employees, might be assured a due return of adequate and continuous service?

If the Public Service Commission has power under the law "to regulate the conduct and management of common carriers and transportation companies and corporations" why hasn't it power enough to compel the New York Railways Company or the New York and Queens County Railway Company to adjust their internal difficulties in a way that shall not inflict untold hardship upon five million people?

That is the question that mainly interests the New York public ament the serious predicament—through no fault of its own—now thrust upon it.

Can Chairman Straus and his fellow Commissioners dodge the answer?

England created yesterday another Irish Immortal.

Letters From the People

The Allies' Purpose.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If your columns entitled "Letters from the People" were headed with a disclaimer of The Evening World's responsibility for opinions published therein, in my judgment you would still be responsible for allowing young Americans to see any important direct or indirect false statement published in such columns of so widely read a daily as is The Evening World. Such a statement, I think, is that of Mr. Nussbaum, which you published, in which he asks, "Why add another year of bloody warfare to no purpose?"

Your readers should be reminded as often as you publish such a proposition, I think, that the allies sincerely and profoundly believe they should continue the war many weeks or months longer, for a "purpose" of importance to themselves, or purposes: first, to gain better of peace than heretofore officially semi-officially; and, secondly, to shake and improve the political structures in Germany, and so to "strafe" the Prussians, that they will not soon, if ever again, prepare to crush their neighbor.

FREDERICK H. COX.

An Apple Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly publish in your paper the following example? I would like to know how it is done:

Three men sell apples, starting at seven for 1 cent. A has 30 apples, B has 10 apples, C has 50 apples. They sell remainder at a price to make same amount. What is the amount and how is it solved?

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Brief and to the Point.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you please give me, through "Letters from the People," a correct form for the body of a letter sent with a manuscript designed for publication in his paper if it meets with the editor's approval? I find your "Questions and Answers" very interesting and instructive, although I have not hitherto been a questioner. R. A. H.

Interested as a Sportsman

By J. H. Cassel

Dollars and Sense.

By H. J. Barrett.

Store and Stock Arrangement.

"IF a merchant sold his customers only the amount they had intended to spend he wouldn't stay in business long," remarked one recently.

"It's the extra purchases made through the suggestive force of the merchandise itself which keeps a store in business. And this is why proper arrangement of stock is so essential.

"There are no set rules governing this. But certain essential principles should be borne in mind. I personally believe in allotting the most conspicuous locations to articles which would not sell unless seen.

"Novelties, however, and articles which fill a long felt but hitherto unexpected demand should be favored with the choice locations. Then, of course, goods should be rotated in accordance with the seasons.

"Much depends upon the particular problems faced by the individual merchant. I, for instance, operate a medium-sized department store in a town of about 46,000 population. I don't handle furniture, but do carry a line of crockery, china and kitchen ware. This is located in a back corner of the main floor.

"I am inclined to favor this department in my advertising appropriation for a reason which one might not suspect. Every little while I run a sale of enamelware or some other item which brings a fair response. Why do I go consistently push this department?

"Largely because those who respond to my advertising have to thread their way through a labyrinth of aisles to reach their goal. And during the journey in and out they are very likely to stop and purchase articles which have caught their attention.

"Sometimes a shift in a department's location will do much to stimulate sales. I operate a men's clothing and furnishings department and for a long time it languished. Men dislike to enter department stores. The atmosphere is altogether too feminine.

"Finally I changed the location of these departments from an interior point to a street wall. Then I cut a separate entrance direct from the street. Thus men could enter and make their purchases without the necessity of walking through the store proper. This feature was emphasized in my advertising. These departments are now thriving."

Coal-dust mountains are now repositories of wealth, says the Popular Science Monthly. Formerly huge piles of culm or coal dust were thrown out as so much waste, but with the introduction of pulverized fuel burning apparatus for locomotives and steamships every coal mine is utilizing its coal-dust.

Women Who Fail

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

The Human Pinwheel.

THE measure of human concentration is the measure of human success. That is why men are more successful than women. Every human personality has the same centre—its own ego—but the minds of women are centrifugal, tending always to fly off from their central thought, while the minds of men tend always toward the centre of their universe—themselves. A man, to be sure, may take little excursions into the realm of emotion, into love, into service for others, but he always has his return ticket in his pocket. He is always perfectly certain of getting back to the centre of his thoughts and energies—himself.

Charles Darwin recognised this difference in men and women when he wrote in "The Descent of Man" that when a man and woman possessing every mental quality in the same perfection are put in competition the man will gain the victory because he will possess higher energy, perseverance and courage—qualities developed in him by the age-long struggle for existence and the necessity for protecting his family from rival males. John Stuart Mill remarked in "The Subjection of Women": The things in which man most excels women are those which require most plodding and long hammering at single thoughts"—practically what Darwin said. Darwin believed this higher degree of concentration would always be preserved in men by the struggle to maintain their families. He did not foresee that man would lose in this struggle and that every year more and more millions of women would be forced to maintain themselves and in this struggle must develop the supposedly male qualities of energy, perseverance and power or go under. Some women cannot develop concentration. By inheritance of ages we are naturally centrifugal, flying off from our central occupation to dig little Johnny out of the marmalade or prevent little Jane from cutting up our best gown to dress her doll. Women have been forced by the nature of their age-long occupation to think scatteringly about many things, to dispense their powers over an infinitude of small things, which left them no energy for great things.

Every woman confronted unexpectedly by the necessity for earning her own living experiences at first fear and resentment. She does not know enough to welcome the one chance life offers her to develop the qualities of energy and perseverance and power which Darwin believed to be the exclusive property of the male. Any woman who does develop them has fought not merely her own battle, as a successful man must. She has challenged the ages, has tilted successfully the established order. No woman who fails need be ashamed of her failure. Quite often it is the result of her best qualities, the tenderness and pity which is the most universal expression of the maternal instinct. On the other hand, there is a type of woman, quite as selfish as the most ruthless man, who fails because of the number of things in which she tries to succeed. She wants to be a business woman, a ballroom queen, a Lady Bountiful and a social uplifter. She is a whirling human pinwheel, sending sparks of energy in all directions, but not accomplishing anything, nor getting anywhere. She is like a traveller who wants to go to Pittsburgh and Portland and Los Angeles all at the same time, and, consequently, she never gets away from the railroad station.

Like the pinwheel, she whirls her little whirl, attracts a little momentary attention by the pretty sparks she sends out, and then falls to the ground, spent and forgotten.

Horse-Cars

HORSE-CARS still are operated in at least two American cities, New York and Middletown, O., according to the Popular Science Monthly. Tiny, low, short, and mounted on a single truck, these cars were built to haul about twenty persons. To-day they often are crowded with two to three times that number and the horses are sorely pressed to draw the load.

When the Middletown horse car line went into bankruptcy several years ago a junk dealer bought it for $400. His profits have been more than 300 per cent. a year, and if he were to pull up his tracks and sell them and his equipment, he could realize many times his original investment.

Recently an order has been given by the Public Service Commission of New York that the horse cars must go. The reason for the demise of these municipal curios is that the picturesque equipment of 1860 cannot meet the traffic demands of the 1916 public.

Chinese Doctors

THE native Chinese doctor is a curiosity. He passes no examination; he requires no qualifications; he may have failed in business and set up as a physician. In his new profession he requires little stock in trade, medical instruments being almost unknown, notes the Popular Science Monthly.

Acupuncture, as it is called, is one of the nine branches recognized in medical science among the Chinese; it is of most ancient origin, having been in use from time immemorial. There are 337 body markings to be learned; every square inch on the human surface has its own name, and some relationship to the internal parts, purely imaginary, is assigned to it. The user is cautioned against wounding the arteries; hence he must know the position of the blood vessels. By close study of a manikin pierced with holes the Chinese physician learns where to drive his needles. Parts of the body are selected, which may be pierced without fatal results.

Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited By Janet Trevor

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SEPTEMBER 28.—I had such an odd experience this morning.

I'm writing it down not because I consider it of any real significance, but because the contretemps was so unusual.

I woke rather late, and assumed that Ned had gone out. So I didn't hurry to dress, and as I lay in bed I suddenly realized that it was weeks since I had seen or heard from Patty Kane. After the day Ned and I spent with her, when her baby was so ill, I called once. She had not returned the call, however.

Now I decided to telephone her immediately and ask her to come to tea her first free day.

As I was about to call Central I heard a woman's voice say, "Ned, dearest!"

Just for an instant I was startled. I thought of the extension phone in the living room at the other end of our apartment. It seems to me that any wife would have had that one lightning leap of thought, that one jealous impulse to wait, listen, hear more.

Then I pulled myself together. No one, except his mother and myself, had the right to call my husband "dearest." The voice on the telephone was not that of Ned's mother. Therefore some other Ned was receiving the message of which I had inadvertently overheard two words.

Sharply I clicked up and down the little handle in which the receiver hangs. I wanted to ask Central to give me a clear line.

But suddenly—the man addressed as Ned hadn't spoken at all—I heard again a tense rush of utterance from the woman at the other end of the wire.

"Ned, darling, it's been so long since I've seen you. I've tried to be hard and bitter, tried not to care, tried to forget that you were ever in my life. But you did love me, you know, and it seems that I can't stop loving you. Shall I never see you again—never, never? Do you want to avoid me? I've called up your office a dozen times in the last week, and some one always said you were out. So I took this way to reach you, and if you hadn't answered the phone I should have given another name. Ned, speak to me"——

I had been wildly clicking the receiver hook, for I knew that I ought not to hear what this woman was saying to the Ned who wasn't my husband. In despair I finally hung up the receiver, *but not before I heard hung up the other receiver held by the silent man.*

When I went in to breakfast Bertha said: "Mr. Houghton was called out an hour ago, ma'am."

And it was but half an hour earlier that I had tried to telephone Patty Kane. Oh, of course there are millions of other Neds; probably one or two in this very apartment house. But why am I suddenly remembering the girl in the red cape who haunted my wedding day and who looked as if she pitied me?

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces.

By Albert Payson Terhune

SQUARING THE CIRCLE, by O. Henry.

THE Folwells and the Harknesses were Cumberland mountaineers. And they were at feud.

Years back the vendetta had started, when a member of the Folwell family had shot Bill Harkness's dog. Bill Harkness avenged his pet's death by shooting the patriarch of the Folwell clan. After which the ball was declared open. And, so far as each family was concerned, the law was "off" on the other.

Folwells shot Harknesses from ambush. Harknesses shot Folwells on the way to church or at home. Hate ran high. The blood-feud raged on until in a few years there was but one Folwell left and one Harkness.

The Feud and a Search.

Sam Folwell, last of his race, vowed to wipe out the old warfare at a single stroke by killing Cal Harkness, the only survivor of the hostile clan. This idea did not appeal to Cal, who was of a more or less peaceable nature. So the last Harkness vanished from the Cumberland region, leaving the final Folwell gunning for him in vain.

Cal Harkness did not pause in his flight until he reached New York City. There he found a job as truck driver and settled down to a life of comparative safety—far from feuds and rumors of feuds.

When Sam Folwell learned that the only living Harkness had escaped him he was furious. He made inquiries everywhere for his foe. For he was bent on closing the account with one ultimate killing.

Fully a year had passed before Sam heard that Cal was living in New York. And thither, on murder intent, he prepared to follow. Donning his Sunday suit and packing a meagre carpetbag and stuffing a rusty Colt revolver into his hip pocket, Sam Folwell made the journey to civilisation.

On the morning of his arrival he thrust the pistol under his coat and stuck a bowie knife where he could get at it with one twist of his arm. Thus equipped and with the feud-hate hot in his heart he began his search of Manhattan.

The swirling city caught him up and spun him about in its thousand rushing human eddies. The crowds dazed and stupefied him. Sam was jostled and shoved and collided with. The roar of traffic deafened his silence-accustomed ears. He had not known there were so many people and so much noise in the whole world.

A traffic cop jammed the dizzily loitering mountaineer in the ribs with a nightstick. A speeding motor-car grazed one of his shambling knees. A hansom's hub bumped him, and the hansom's driver swore luridly at him. A trolley motorman clanged a bell in his face. A newsboy pelted him with banana peelings.

A Face in the Crowd.

Cal Harkness, his day's trucking done, crossed Broadway, headed for his boarding house. As he threaded the jammed street he saw three yards away a scared, bewildered looking mountaineer who was actually gasping for breath. Cal at a glance recognised the countryman as his sworn foe and relentless pursuer, Sam Folwell.

Being unarmed and taken by surprise, Cal hesitated, then came to a dead halt. As he did so Sam's distracted glance fell on him.

Here in this thundrous and overthronged city of strangers was one familiar face! Sam rushed up to the irresolute Harkness, and, seizing his hand in anguish of homesick cordiality, cried welcomingly:

"Howdy, Cal! I'm durned glad to see ye!"

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three lead life to sovereign power.—TENNYSON.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"DID you read in the paper about a man who fixed up a nice farm on his roof?" said Mrs. Jarr. "He raises flowers and vegetables and chickens on the roof, and his family spend all their spare time there."

"Don't the neighbors complain to the Board of Health about his raising flowers on the roof?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Ours would."

"Ours would not!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I have never met a more neighborly set of neighbors since I have been in New York. They never interfere with us."

"If not caring whether you live or die, if never speaking to you when they meet you on the stairs and glaring at you makes them neighborly, then the bunch of tenants in this flat are neighborly," said Mr. Jarr.

"I'd rather have them mind their own business than interfere in mine!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "So, as it's very warm this evening, let us go up on the roof. We'll take a rug and a couple of rocking chairs."

"And a couple of fans," suggested Mr. Jarr. "You'll find the roof right after sunset about the hottest place there is."

"We will not," said Mrs. Jarr decisively. "In Palestine and all Oriental lands the housetop is where all the people repair to in the cool of the evening."

"There's nothing to it but climb for the roof, then!" said Mr. Jarr, inquiringly. "Where's the rocking chairs and the rug?"

So laden with these properties for an evening on the roof Mr. Jarr led the way. "There! Didn't I tell you it would be as hot as a bake oven?" said Mr. Jarr, as the tin roof was radiating heat most perceptibly.

"It is not warm at all," replied Mrs. Jarr, plumping herself down in one of the rocking chairs. "It is very cool and breezy up here, especially after that stuffy old flat."

Mr. Jarr mopped his perspiring brow and sighed for the coolness of the aforesaid flat, but said no more.

"This chimney is a little warm," remarked Mrs. Jarr, working her chair away from it. "I suppose it's the bricks. But I think it's very comfortable up here, especially if a breeze should spring up."

But a breeze didn't spring up. A stout feminine form did, however.

"Who's up on this roof?" asked the stout lady.

"We live on the third floor," replied Mrs. Jarr, stiffly.

"Humph! I thought it was somebody stealing clothes," said the newcomer. "I had three sheets, a half-dozen towels and some fine linen handkerchiefs stolen last week. There were people on the roof who said they lived in the house, too, if I remember." And the stout lady peered anxiously over to where her household linen was drying on the roof lines.

"You need not give yourself any alarm," replied Mrs. Jarr tolly. "We have all the old clothes we need."

"I dare say!" sniffed the other. "I never see you wearing anything else."

"At least they cover us decently," said Mrs. Jarr, with tense emphasis on the word "decently."

And then Mr. Jarr first noticed that the stout lady, fearful of her family laundry, wore only seemingly a kimono, open at the throat, and a skirt.

"I just ran up to see who was stealing my wash this week," said the stout lady. Mrs. Jarr ignored her, but asked Mr. Jarr if he hadn't told her once of a family who had to stay abed upon such rare occasions as they laundered their exceedingly scanty amount of wearing apparel. Whereat the stout lady shouted: "Well, you keep away from my clothes, madam!" and disappeared.

She was succeeded by the janitor. "Hey, yuse!" he cried. "Git off that tin roof! The folks downstairs is complainin' of de noise, and you'll part the seams and git the roof to leaking!"

"We've got a right on this roof," said Mr. Jarr.

"Git over on the wooden slats there, over where the wash line is," commanded the janitor. Mrs. Jarr compromised by sitting on the broad coping of the parapet around the air shaft. A shrill voice was heard to cry "Rubbernecks!" And spring window shades were snapped down on all sides.

Just then a young man in one of the rear houses, taking the Jarrs for flat house thieves, opened fire on them with a cat rifle.

Mrs. Jarr says if Mr. Jarr tries to drag her up on the roof again she'll get a divorce.

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

Felt use during the warm weather a Jersey City firm is now manufacturing summer weight soup plates.

A very stylish dress can be procured at a low price by falling through an awning and wearing the result.

A flagpole should be always higher at the top than at the bottom.

As a rule the covers of a book will be generally found on the outside.

Slapping a sponge in the face doesn't injure it, as its features bounce right back into place again.

Elaborate tests by intelligent scientists show that a whale doesn't get any damper than a minnow.